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WHEN NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER gets tired of his job as president of Columbia University and father confessor of the Republican Party perhaps he would like to join the staff of *The Nation.* Since the Presidential bee ceased singing in his ear the dictator of Columbia has been talking as if he belonged on the fourth floor of 20 Vesey Street. We are not in entire agreement with him upon prohibition, but we should have been proud to print that portion of his startling letter to the New York *Times* which denounces Hoover's position on preparedness. The doctrine that military preparedness makes for peace he calls "wholly false." With bitter scorn he asks:

> Listen to this sentence: "We must not only be just; we must be respected." Is it not plain that the thought behind the word "respected" would be more accurately described by the word "feared"? What sort of mind and nature is it which can at this stage of the world's history deliberately find a basis for respect in force rather than in justice?

Mr. Butler recalls that Secretary Wilbur recently offered a naval program "which affronted the intelligence and the moral sense not only of the American people but of the entire world." Fortunately, public opinion defeated it, and "the Senate contemptuously threw the whole thing upon the legislative garbage-heap, where it now lies, unwept, unhonored, and unsung." A host of Republicans, he says, reject this principle of " 'national security,' meaning thereby swagger," and he adds:

> We shall not support any policy which would at once enter upon a new and enlarged plan of naval construction under the guise of defending ourselves against some Power which has only just taken a formal pledge not to attack us. The contradiction and the hypocrisy of it all would be comic were they not so unspeakably tragic.

Bravo!

POOR WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE! He was either a fanatic or a dupe—not improbably the latter—when he made detailed charges that as a member of the New York Legislature Alfred E. Smith had consistently favored gambling, prostitution, and the saloon. As we noted in our issue of August 15, Mr. White withdrew his charges in so far as they concerned gambling and prostitution, just before he sailed for Europe, but stood pat on his accusations regarding Governor Smith and the saloon. This strange course was followed, after Mr. White reached Europe, by a message to ex-Governor Allen of Kansas, publicity director for the Republican campaign, in which the Emporia editor disclaimed his previous disclaimer and apparently went on record as reasserting all of his original charges. This message was made public at the Republican publicity headquarters and then promptly disclaimed as an official party utterance by Mr. Allen, who said it was a personal communication and had been given to the press by mistake. Governor Smith has properly characterized the whole procedure as dishonest and unfair and has made what reads like a convincing defense of his legislative record. We hope this will end a controversy which never should have been begun.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE BRENNAN, the Democratic boss of Illinois, is a serious blow to Governor Smith's chances in that State. Brennan had a profound enthusiasm for the Governor and believed that he could carry the State for his candidate. Indeed he left Houston determined to do so. As the successor of Roger Sullivan when that dictator died in 1920, Brennan was rather an easy boss, content often to sit back and watch his Republican antagonists wrangle and disgrace themselves. At the 1924 convention in Madison Square Garden Brennan led the opposition to McAdoo, which he had also largely directed in San Francisco four years previously, and likewise in the fight against the Ku Klux Klan. In 1926 Brennan astounded everybody by running for United States Senator, in order, he said, to attack the Volstead Law in Congress. Severely injured in the course of the campaign, he was defeated and went back to a task he loved—preparing the way for the nomination of Al Smith for the Presidency. Chicago was indebted to Brennan for the selection of Mayor Dever. There seems to be no successor at hand for Brennan's job of directing the Democratic Party in Illinois. We are inclined to believe that the day for such rich, warm-hearted bosses of the Irish-American type is disappearing. Whether their successors of the cold-blooded business-man type are more desirable is another question. It is a natural development of the commercialization of politics.

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IN WAIMEA, KAUAI, a little village in the Hawaiian Islands, there was recently held a celebration to pay tribute to Captain James Cook, the English navigator, who landed there 150 years ago. That discovery marked the beginning of recorded history for the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands as Captain Cook called them. This sesquicentennial in which both American and British warships participated was a gay and gorgeous affair; there were brightly decorated ships in the harbor, salutes of honor were fired, and "speakers reviewed the glamorous events of the last century and a half and expressed the pride of today's generation in the greatness of today's Hawaii." Yet one wonders how joyously the native Hawaiians really celebrated. When the Resolute and Discovery of Captain Cook first anchored in Waimea there were something like 260,000 natives in the Hawaiian Islands. In the course of the last 150 years' progress and civilization they have been reduced to approximately 20,000, and there is every evidence that the race will completely disappear or be absorbed through intermarriage. Again, at the time of discovery the Hawaiians were the owners of their own country. Today they possess virtually none of it. It has gone to the second and third generations of the New England missionaries who went to Christianize the Hawaiian Indians. Their sons, through their landholdings and powerful sugar corporations, now dominate every phase of Hawaiian life. On the other hand, the original Hawaiians did not enjoy the benefits of Coolidge prosperity.

A HORNET'S NEST is positively pacific by comparison with the trouble which United States Judge William H. Atwell has stirred up in Brooklyn. Judge Atwell is from Dallas, Texas, and when he was transferred to Brooklyn to fill in during the vacation term he brought his local prejudices with him, among others a strong desire to make men Dry and "to keep the niggers in their place." He has spread panic in Brooklyn by his severe sentences for infractions of the Volstead Act—which was his own affair—but recently he went beyond that and reprimanded F. R. Serri, a lawyer, in a way properly to arouse the latter's anger as well as that of numerous Negroes. Mr. Serri, in defending an Italian woman charged with selling liquor to whites and blacks indiscriminately, attacked the veracity of the law-enforcement officers. In sentencing the woman later Judge Atwell is reported to have said she was "unfortunate" in her choice of counsel and to have told the lawyer: "In my section of the country, had you made any such accusation against an officer of the law, he would have smashed you before you got out of the courtroom." The judge added to the woman: "White folks and colored folks cannot live together. You should go somewhere else to live among different people. Get your inspiration from American girls who are what Americans girls ought to be."

WHEN THE LAWYER tried to reply, Judge Atwell shut him up by threatening him with jail for contempt of court. Mr. Serri has therefore appealed to Chief Justice Taft to take action against the judge for what most persons will agree was an insult and anything but a judicial pronouncement from the bench. We can assure Mr. Serri that Justice Taft will do nothing about it. Neither will anybody else. For nothing can be done other than to send the judge back to Texas or to impeach him. Naturally he will be returned to Texas shortly anyhow, while his lapse does not justify impeachment. The trouble is not with Judge Atwell, who, like all his fellows, is human and whose opinions fit Texas better than New York. The trouble is with the autocratic power of our judges to punish for contempt owing to which they may—and do—utter all sorts of nonsense and abuse and then save themselves from rebuke by hiding behind the sacred ermine. The existing powers to punish for contempt in America are unnecessary, medieval, probably unconstitutional, and greater than exist anywhere else in the world. Mr. Serri would best forget Judge Atwell personally and join the movement to restrict the tyranny of punishment for contempt of court.

GENE TUNNEY, who by hard work in a popular art made himself rich and famous within fewer years than it takes most artists to get started, has discovered that we exact a peculiar payment for the popularity we bestow. This prize-fighter must long ago have become tired of having it said in the newspapers that he read books; but now, what with getting engaged and starting for a tour of Europe on foot with Thornton Wilder, he seems to realize how deeply he is in trouble. When he set sail from New York the other day he is represented as having looked most unhappy. For as he got out of his taxi and approached the dock he suddenly found himself the target for dozens of flash-light photographers and movie-men, whose shots and clicks followed him even up the gang-plank to the deck. As he moved along behind an escort of police he is said to have frowned unpleasantly at the press of admiring shoulders about him, and when, as he attempted to sign his name to whatever documents one executes at the last moment on shore, his hand was prevented from the free movement of a champion's flourish, he grew distinctly red in the face with anger. To the reporters he had nothing whatever to say, and indicated that he hoped he would be unmolested by the European press. Even then our newspapermen got in their good work. "There were no books in his cabin," they quietly remarked next morning.

"MEATS FOR THE MEAT EATER" is what the Childs restaurants propose to offer in the future. For several years the Childs Company fostered a vegetarian or so-called "vegetable-wise" policy. From their menus one learned how the wise old Greeks lived healthily on vegetables, and hated meats. If this intellectual appeal failed there appeared such fanciful dishes as "meatless meat loaf" or "beefless beef stew" to trick the lover of meats into eating vegetables. Alas, the cynics of this post-war period refused to be beguiled by any such camouflage! If they were ruining their health by indulging in juicy sirloins that was too bad, but they would continue to do so, President William Childs notwithstanding. In other words, what was Mr. Childs's poison was their desired dish. The gross sales of the 120 restaurants dropped off 9 per cent in the first five months of 1928, while the common stock fell from a high of 74 in 1925 to a high of 52½ in 1928. It was at this point that the voices of the stockholders were heard and the vegetarian policy of Childs was modified. But even in defeat Mr. Childs is undaunted, for his newspaper advertisements, in addition to their announcement of meats, suggest "Fruits, Cereals, Fresh Vegetables, Dairy Products, *for Health and Economy*."

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Al Smith Speaks Out

AL SMITH has spoken out. His acceptance speech is worthy of the man and of the office which he seeks. It is one of the finest state documents which has grown out of the American political scene since our entrance into the World War set a blight upon hopes for political progress. There is an honest, straightforward ring to his words that was lacking in the complacent generalities of his rival for office. Against Hoover's smug assurance that "No one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system" set Al Smith's assertion that he will not "accept the old order of things as the best unless and until I become convinced that it cannot be made better." We do not see how any progressive, reading the two speeches, can fail to feel that Smith would make the better President.

He begins with an expression of his political philosophy, setting what he calls "our new-world theory" that government exists for the people against the Republican Party's "old-world conception" that the people exists for the government, and that material prosperity, if real, would be "an excuse for political inequality." Governor Smith has a right to claim that he has lived up to his ideal as few American executives have done; but what does he regard as the outstanding example of political inequality in American life? Is it not the nullification of the Negro's Constitutional right to vote by Governor Smith's party in the very States which he regards as his surest territory? On that he is as mum as Mr. Hoover.

There is a partisan tone in many portions of the speech. Al Smith denounces the corruption of the Republican Party, as well he may; but he might have recalled A. Mitchell Palmer's raids and the scandals of the Alien Property Administration before he referred in quite such sweeping terms to "those standards of unblemished integrity which characterized every act of the Administration of Woodrow Wilson." It was under Woodrow Wilson's Democratic Presidency that American marines invaded Haiti and Santo Domingo, and leaders of the Democratic Party in the Senate, like Senator Swanson of Virginia, have been among the staunchest supporters of the Republican rape of Nicaragua. Nor are we much impressed by Smith's lighthearted assurance that a Democratic Administration would take the tariff out of politics.

None the less this man has opened his campaign upon a high plane. We like particularly his statement that

> To no declaration of our platform do I more heartily commit myself than the one for the abolition of the practice of the President of entering into agreements for the settlement of internal disputes in Latin-American countries, unless the agreements have been consented to by the Senate as provided for in the Constitution of the United States. I personally declare what the platform declares: "Intervention in the purely internal affairs of Latin-American countries must cease," and I specifically pledge myself to follow this declaration with regard to Mexico as well as the other Latin-American countries.

We like, too, his specific rebuttal of the appalling Coolidge doctrine that American persons and property abroad remain a part of the national domain. He asks whether the American people would approve a doctrine which gave to France, England, or Germany the right to regard their citizens and property within our borders as a part of their national domain. We like his plea for further limitations of armaments, and his suggestion that the most effective outlawry of war consists in removal of the causes of war.

Governor Smith pledges his most earnest endeavor to enforce the prohibition laws. We are not sure, and we doubt if Al Smith is sure, that any President can stamp out the corruption which has followed in the wake of prohibition; but we believe that, drinking Wet though he is, he would at least make as earnest an effort at decent law enforcement as Hoover's Cabinet colleague, distiller Mellon, has done with the silent approval of Calvin Coolidge. But the Constitution also bids the President recommend to Congress such measures as he deems wise; and Al Smith judges that prohibition has not achieved or aided temperance. Although he says that he will never "advocate or approve any law which directly or indirectly permits the return of the saloon," he would like to see each State permitted to define intoxicating liquor, and even, by amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment, to manufacture alcoholic beverages for intra-State consumption only, if the people of the State by popular referendum approve such manufacture. He would follow the Canadian system of package sale. This is bold speaking. It seems to us to carry State's rights to an illogical extreme, but we like the honesty of his approach to the problem and his suggestion of popular referendums. It is miles removed from the timorous pussyfooting of Hoover's characterization of the prohibition "experiment."

On farm relief Al Smith's conclusions go little farther than Hoover's. The problem is acute, he says, and he would call in experts to help him solve it. But he begins with a frank recognition that there has been government interference with the laws of supply and demand to benefit industry, commerce, and finance, and he asserts that "cooperative, coordinated marketing and warehousing of surplus farm products" is as essential as is the Federal Reserve System which regulates and controls the flow of capital.

Most heartily of all we hail Governor Smith's statement on water-power. The "sources of water-power," he says, "must remain forever under public ownership and control." The people must own and control the site and plant at the place of operation, "must control the switch that turns on or off the power so greedily sought by certain private groups without the least regard for the public good." He denounces unsparingly the "dishonest and unpatriotic propaganda" of the utility corporations, and in so doing he must hurt certain of his friends. In this portion of his address he abandons the cringing effort to demonstrate that the Democratic Party is as friendly as the Republican to big business which has disgraced so much of this year's campaign. If Al Smith continues to speak out with that frank clarity of utterance he will win the support of most of the five million voters who supported La Follette in 1924. He will not demonstrate that his party has reformed since the landslide of 1920, or that the equality of opportunity he preaches is possible under the profit system, but he will prove that political ambition does not always turn able administrators into simian jumping-jacks.

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The Crisis in Manchuria

JAPAN'S super-patriotic Premier, Baron Tanaka, is bringing Asia to the verge of another war. He is playing fast and loose with the rights of the Chinese people and defying the Washington Treaty which pledged the great Powers to respect the integrity of China.

The Sino-Japanese crisis involves a number of problems—the incidents of Nanking and Tsinan, the abrogation of an old treaty with Japan by the Chinese Nationalist Government, the control of Manchuria by Japan, and the Russian pressure on Mongolia. Overshadowing the other problems is the Japanese control of Manchuria.

The Chinese have never admitted that Manchuria is anything else than an integral part of China, and nominally the rest of the world has agreed with them. The Nationalists, pushing northward from Canton to Peking, have kept their eyes on Manchuria as the coveted goal of their ambition and the final test of Chinese control over China. When they finally captured Peking and Chang Tso-lin was killed, they opened negotiations with the titular head of Manchuria, old Chang's son, Chang Hsueh-liang, to bring Manchuria into the new Nationalist China.

It seems clear that the Chinese people of Manchuria wanted to throw in their lot with the Nanking Nationalists and that young Chang was anxious to reach an agreement. Reports from Mukden and Tokio indicate that an agreement was virtually completed when the Japanese stepped in. Under that agreement Chang Hsueh-liang was to keep control of Manchurian domestic affairs and in return hoist the Nationalist flag, swear allegiance to the principles of Sun Yat-sen, and leave the control of Manchurian foreign affairs to the Nationalist Government at Nanking. All things considered, this was a natural compromise in a difficult situation, and any nation which possessed self-government would have been permitted to carry it out.

But Baron Tanaka protested. He declared that Japan would use all its power to prevent Nationalist domination of the Manchurian Government. He sent Baron Hayashi to Mukden to see Chang Hsueh-liang, and young Chang immediately suspended negotiations with the Nationalists even when his own people were clamoring for the completion of the agreement. What caused the sudden weakening of Chang Hsueh-liang? To those who are familiar with the Japanese procedure in Manchuria the natural answer is money and military pressure. Japan has treated the Government of Manchuria as a dependency for many years and finds it even easier to dominate young Chang than his father.

What can the Nationalists do to win back Manchuria to China? Their armies are too weak to fight Japan directly, but several strong forces are on their side. Most important of all is the great preponderance of Chinese people in Manchuria. How can 200,000 Japanese control 25,000,000 Chinese who are hostile to them? Such things have been done in history, but Japan will find the control most costly. Moreover the Chinese population of Manchuria is growing prodigiously by immigration from the famine-swept areas of Central China while Japan's program of migration into Manchuria has been a failure.

Also, China has the boycott—and the former Chinese boycotts against Japan have done sufficient damage to win respect for the boycott as an effective weapon. Dr. C. C. Wu, Special Envoy from Nationalist China, threatened Japan with such a boycott in his speech at the Williamstown Institute. At the same time Dr. Wu offered to the Japanese assurance of economic opportunity in Manchuria. "We are prepared to protect Japan's economic interests," he said, "but that is no reason for usurping political control over Manchuria. We object to Japan's political domination over Manchuria, which we consider to be an infringement of China's sovereignty. We are prepared, however, to welcome further investment by Japan or other countries in Manchuria, or anywhere else."

If Japan is unwilling to accept this adjustment of power in Manchuria, the Nationalists have the ancient answer of military force. They are weak now, but an ominous revival of military spirit is sweeping China as a result of Japanese aggression. Compulsory military training has been ordered in all government schools, and the order has been met with marked enthusiasm by the students. In Shanghai alone 15,000 students, including many girls, bought cadet uniforms.

If the Manchurian crisis leads to an open war, the responsibility will rest largely upon the nations which signed the Nine-Power Treaty at the Washington Conference and pledged themselves to respect the integrity of China. The pledge was definite and unmistakable—and the United States and Japan were parties to the pledge. In the face of Japan's open violation of the pledge the least that our State Department can do is to protest vigorously and repeatedly until Manchuria is allowed to unite with the rest of China.

The Courts on Trial

"THE courts ought to be reformed." One hears this said so universally that it must represent the overwhelming majority of public opinion. Yes, but how ought the courts to be reformed? That is the practical question, and in general it brings only vague replies. In order to arrive at something definite the National Economic League recently submitted a series of more or less widely advocated proposals for reform to a special committee of about 100 lawyers, professors of law, and laymen. The answers received are summarized in the June issue of the *Consensus*, the official organ of the league, published at 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

In regard to whether judges of State courts should be appointed or elected, forty votes were cast for the former method as against nineteen for election. A. M. Kidd of the Columbia University Law School wrote:

> The ideal is to have the lawyers best fitted for judicial preferment by reason of their character, training, experience, and temperament placed on the bench. The lawyers know best who these men are. If their recommendations, uninfluenced by political considerations, could be followed, the formal methods of selection would be immaterial. The selection of the best men may be and is as effectively thwarted by machine politics as it is by popular ignorance.

The members of the committee were asked to say also whether the term of office should be for life or a period of years. Thirty-two declared for life and twenty-nine for a term of years ranging from four to twenty. "Life tenure

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in office is dangerous," said Charles Stephens, a lawyer of Columbus, Kansas. "It has always led to tyranny and oppression in favor of the richest of the rich."

There is much discussion at the moment in regard to juries and considerable sentiment in favor of restricting their use and changing their methods of procedure. Fifty-five of the committee against eight said that a defendant in a criminal case should have the right to waive trial by jury and be tried by the judge. Federal Judge J. Foster Symmes responded: "In misdemeanor cases only." Harvey N. Shepard, a lawyer of Boston, said: "Jury trial should be adhered to in all criminal cases. The right has been bought at a great price." To the question "Should less than twelve of a jury be able to return a verdict?" there were fifty-nine votes in favor and six in opposition, in civil cases. In criminal cases the vote was forty-one to twenty-one in favor of a less than unanimous verdict. We think a change in this respect would be helpful. But Charles H. Wright, formerly District Attorney of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, wrote:

> I believe in the existing jury system. In over twenty years both as district attorney and in private practice I think I have had nearly all the verdicts to which I was entitled. The English jury trial is the result of centuries of evolution. I do not favor tinkering with it because of miscarriages of justice due to incapacity in the trial judge or advocate, or to stupidity on the jury.

The much-discussed question as to whether a defendant in a criminal case should be required to take the witness stand brought forty negative responses to twenty-three votes of approval. Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, president of the American Bar Association, said that the proposal would entail violation of constitutional rights, and a number of others expressed the same view. Professor Kidd wrote:

> Perhaps the defendant should be required to take the stand, but I am very much afraid of the unequal contest between the defendant and the district attorney. If clever lawyers can make an intelligent, honest witness look and feel like a crook, why not experiment first with a preliminary examination before a magistrate?

Perhaps the reform should be approached gradually, as Professor Kidd suggests, but we believe the change should be made eventually. No innocent person should fear it, and the practice exists in Europe.

A strong sentiment was expressed in favor of determining the mental capacity of a person accused of crime by a disinterested body of experts, thus taking it out of the forensic field. The vote was forty-two to fourteen on this proposal. L. Vernon Briggs, a Boston alienist, wrote: "The Massachusetts law requiring examination of murderers and felons by the Department of Mental Disease before trial should be adopted in every State." Clark B. Whittier, professor of law in Stanford University, commented: "In California we now have it tried by the jury, but subsequent to and separate from the question of guilt; that is a step in advance."

Thirty-two persons expressed themselves in favor of public defenders and twenty-seven as opposed. "No," wrote Municipal Court Judge Wilfred Bolster of Boston, "the District Attorney should be such. Give him an antagonist and you merely enlarge the arena." On the other hand, Judge William V. Custer wrote: "Many paupers have been hanged in this State (Georgia) when the lawyer ought to have been substituted."

A Censor for Building

FROM England comes the welcome news that at last there is a concerted effort to protect its beautiful countryside from the menace of the jerry-builder, the "subdivider," and the bogus architect who builds band boxes, or timbered and brick or cement monstrosities, and calls them houses. The Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, himself is in the lead and so, Ernest Marshall reports in the New York *Times*, influential bodies have been formed from Kent to Cornwall to prevent the entire coast becoming "one long, hideous line of ferro-concrete and rubberoid roofing." Clough Williams-Ellis, an English architect, is in arms, too, "at the manifold threat to the physical appearance of what was once perhaps the most beautiful country in the world." His remedy is cooperation by local authorities and the Government in London to check what has already made of some of the loveliest Surrey and Sussex roads "a nightmare of architectural abominations."

That the automobile has had its part in this desecration is beyond doubt. Yet this means of rapid transportation in the rural districts is surely not to be blamed for the architectural horrors erected in order to give rural and cheaper homes. The speculative builder is the chief offender. He not only cuts up the countryside without respect for any natural beauties, he is usually destitute of all knowledge of landscape-gardening and is totally unaware that a lovely cottage costs no more than a hideous one. Hence the problem for England, as well as the United States, is to enforce standards of taste. How? Must it be done by legislative fiat? That calls up visions of a rigid and stupid officialdom committed to one style for all places and needs, or for a group of official architects and artists supervising all plans and mounted on numerous hobbies. The latter is by all odds the better scheme. But this arrangement, too, has its limitations and weakness.

Yet there seems to be no escape from it. In New York City, architects headed by Harvey Wiley Corbett and J. Monroe Hewlett, and the Fine Arts Federation, are asking the creation of an architectural commission to supervise or censor public architectural plans. Mr. Corbett does not wish at first to censor private buildings, but calls for a permanent architectural commission, similar to the existing Municipal Art Commission, to act as a city planning body, to which in due course large building projects of private enterprise "will be willingly submitted" for scrutiny, advice, and approval. Something like this should come to pass, for the waste and confusion, and often the horrible ugliness of much building in all our large cities, is as shocking to the eye as any invasion of rural communities. It is, of course, impossible to conceive that any such control will go so far as to prevent economically wasteful construction. But if the general lines for a city's development could be laid down, it should be possible to set up artistic standards to which builders must conform, especially in relation to the surrounding structures, leaving the rest free for the play of individual taste and talent.

It is true that, as a whole, especially in the building of country homes, American architectural taste has improved. The mass-producer, who has no more idea of beauty than had Mr. Ford when he filled our roads with his ugly first model, is the chief offender.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IF there should be anybody hereabouts who is a little sick of all the talk about "nullificationists" and allied scoundrels who take no proper pride in the American Constitution as amended, but is also bored with talk about the ways of prohibition agents and what the South is going to do about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, there is a fine field for offensive counter-questioning which has not been particularly well covered.

In all the adjurations of the Borahs and the William Allen Whites about the sacredness of our fundamental law, laid down by the fathers, amended now and again by the grace of Heaven but nevertheless immutable and eternal, and binding tighter than original sin on all those blessed by living upon these shores, there has never appeared one single whisper against two of the most insidious powers that have crept into American government—namely, the power of the members of a President's Cabinet and the power of the public-service commissions.

This matter of the Cabinet really ought to be looked into—and probably one of these days it will be, some ten to twenty years after any possibility of scotching it will have passed. By the investitures of the Constitution the President has, in all conscience, little enough to do. In fact, beyond writing messages which as such bind nobody, and passing the time of day with ambassadors from foreign lands, intimating with what hopefulness he may what are his favorite legislative measures, and making his routine appointments, he has an absurdly small allotment of actual powers. If you reread the Constitution under "President" you will be shocked by the paucity of his duties and responsibilities. But in this matter of his appointments a prodigious power has accrued to him, with none to say him nay. None has said him yea or nay.

Congress, as uppity as all outdoors about its prerogatives, as jealous as a cat about what was its due and where ran the white line beyond which the Presidential toe might not pass, has with great solemnity, great finality, and great blindness assigned by its fiats a simply staggering miscellany of functions and powers to the heads of the various departments. These department heads are designated by the President, and are accountable only to him. There isn't a law—north of fifty-three, south of it, east of Suez, or in the caverns of the moon—that binds a Cabinet member. If you think different, try and get a court review of something some one of them has done.

There isn't a Secretary in Washington who cannot do just what he pleases within the confines of his job. Well, it is true that the Constitution more or less provided for that, but the Constitution expected the confines of his job to be what you could really call confines. Congress, fanning the air to find somebody who would agree to be responsible for whatever it saw fit to ordain, has stretched the confines of the departmental powers till they dim only into the farthest skies.

Prohibition under Mr. Mellon, immigration under Mr. Davis, Nicaraguan intervention under Mr. Wilbur, this and that under Mr. So-and-So, and all of them accountable merely to the man who first put them in their jobs—with the governed individual as helpless as a baby—if all of this is constitutional government, or any part of what was outlined as basic governmental principle for this country, then the fathers were pretty unversed in making themselves clear.

But does a shout of "nullificationist" rear itself against the members of the Cabinet who have received these vast extra-constitutional powers, or against the President who has used them? Hardly. That long and ugly word is kept only for the base and unworthy who fuss about a single amendment.

It had not been the intention of this piece to complain so at length about the Cabinet and its great and growing tentacles. It was the other, the second, the State-and-federal extra-constitutional arm, that we had meant to mention—in short, these public-service commissions, both State and inter-State. Now if these were any good, they would be water on the wheel of an old socialist like me, though they would certainly be a deadly weapon against the first good Anti-Saloon League legalist who yelled "nullification" at me. As a matter of fact, the public-service commissions are worth all too little, for two reasons, first that they are made up of political appointees rather than experts, and second, that the first show of vigor and determination—to say nothing of ability—that is made by any of their personnel is greeted by some whopping offer from private capital which is almost invariably accepted.

The only point I really want to make is that this economic world of ours cannot exist half-socialist and half-capitalist as long as the capitalists have all the big wages and the good jobs and there is nothing to keep them from draining all the talent and capacity out of the governmental commissions, leaving those commissions with enfeebled and sometimes venal aggregate intelligence, plus enormous power. It makes a very poor arrangement.

I am as hot as the next one for supervision by somebody of the prices that private owners can charge us for gas, or water, or transit, or what not. I'm socialist enough to want the government to barge right in on these terrifying pirates who sell us railroad tickets and electric lights at whatever they please. But I want the thing done well, and done openly. I don't want to have to sit by while the Consolidated Gas Company persuades the Public Service Commission to let it buy up the Brooklyn Edison Company in what are practically star-chamber sessions and hasty ones at that, without any assurance that my governmental buddy is looking after my interests.

And certainly I don't want to have to sit by while public-service commissions in all sorts of States, and interstate commerce commissions, and federal boards of one kind and another, and Cabinet members with unlimited powers are all going buckety-buckety into governmental activities that concern me very vitally for which they have no more constitutional backing than I have to hang my neighbor's cat. Over these I may not exercise one shadow of control. Yet they have never a word said against them, while I am called a low nullifier of the Constitution for squawking at the Eighteenth Amendment. I have decided it is high time I also began sternly to demand "What is the country coming to?"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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What Happened in Seattle

By JULIA N. BUDLONG

THE chivalry of the great open spaces seems, like the rest of our better instincts, to sustain itself only by occasional reversions to more primitive social attitudes. In no other light can we view the refusal of Seattle to return to office its competent and progressive woman mayor at the last municipal election.

Bertha K. Landes came into political life by the logical though unusual avenue of the woman's club. Her life had been spent as a university professor's wife, with home and school her major occupations and her husband's students as her hobby, until her own children were grown and she found herself left with her hands freed for less personal labors. She joined the social-service department of the Century Club, one of the largest women's city clubs, and became, in rapid succession, her department's chairman, the club's president, and president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

Bertha K. Landes

Anyone familiar with women's club work has now an adequate mental picture of her character and personality. A rapid rise in club circles denotes unbounded energy, intelligence, executive acumen, and limitless tact and charm. It also denotes an impeccable personal life: a home and family that will pass the most rigid inspection and a reputation for being an excellent wife and mother. It denotes "the right ideas," the "right clothes," membership in a Protestant evangelical church, and New England ancestry.

Mrs. Landes meets every requirement. Her ancestors settled in America as early as 1630, some coming from Denmark and some from England. She grew up in Connecticut, one of a large family presided over by a capable New England mother who with one hand cared for her numerous progeny and a husband invalided by the Civil War and with the other was a pillar of strength in the community. "My mother was the most wonderful woman I have ever known. I don't see how she did it," says Mrs. Landes.

Bertha Knight attended college, living while she was there with an older sister who had married a professor. After graduation she returned to live with her mother and to teach—until a university appointment enabled Henry Landes to marry and take his bride over river and mountain and desert and plain to far distant Washington, where they settled down near the university campus in Seattle.

The only feature of her activities in the years to follow which seems to have been in any way a direct preparation for the opportunities to come was the habit of reading aloud to the blind and aged uncle who made his home with her. She read for hours every day and, as his tastes were catholic, she "read everything"—political science and economics included.

When the war came Mrs. Landes was made chairman of her club's Red Cross department and endured for two years the incessant strain which broke many a conscientious man and woman. It did not break Mrs. Landes. The war over, agitation for "a woman on the City Council" brought a demand that she run for the office. The idea seemed ridiculous to her at first, but the insistence of her friends and the pressure of city-wide appeals eventually persuaded her to permit her candidacy to be filed. She and her team-mate were elected by a large vote on a non-partisan ballot. Three years later she was reelected by an even larger vote, though her team-mate was snowed under. She was made president of the council.

Then came Mrs. Landes's big chance and she met it like a Puritan and a general. The mayor was journeying eastward to a convention in New York. As president of the City Council, Mrs. Landes was to preside at the City Hall in his absence. "Well, there won't be much to do," he said, as he inducted her into his swivel chair behind the mahogany table. "But keep your eye on the Chief here," and he indicated the head of the police force, present for the ceremonies.

Seattle was a wicked city, there is no doubt about that. It is a seaport, the nearest to Canada on the Pacific Coast. It is a big, overgrown, boom town. It has its power corporation and its lumber barons. What else could anyone expect? Things had to be just about as they were; look at all the other big cities in America. Any politician out of swaddling clothes would know enough to let such a situation alone.

Mrs. Landes was not a politician. She was a housekeeper and a clubwoman. She had been given power. She believed in God. She lay awake all one night thinking about it, she tells us. She felt like a martyr. "Oh, I didn't want to do it!" But in the morning she wrote the Chief of Police a letter, calling to his attention certain glaring defects in his administrative force and directing him to correct them immediately. The Chief's reply was saucy. In effect he said: "The charter gives you authority to take over the police forces of the city and run them yourself. Why don't you do it?" So she did.

The next limited train leaving New York for points west had Mayor Brown of Seattle on board. Five days later he stormed into the office where Mrs. Landes sat in his swivel chair. His month's visit had been cut to three weeks. It was the wrong gesture on the Mayor's part, and the next election found Mrs. Landes established in his swivel chair by a 6,000 plurality.

But two years later found her defeated for reelection by a plurality of 19,000. Had her administration been a failure? Far from it. Her knottiest problem had been the street-car tangle. Seattle, insisting upon a five-cent fare,

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had taken over its street-cars under a tremendously inflated condemnation appraisal. The five-cent fare had had to be raised to ten cents and during three months of the year the employees of the system were on a voucher basis. This tangle Mrs. Landes inherited. She wrestled manfully with the problem and each year of her incumbency the city was less in debt than the year before. But, midway of her term in office, in December, 1926, the banks suddenly refused to honor the city's vouchers. Investigation revealed that, under the State law, the city could not transfer funds from one department to another to meet an emergency. It looked as if the city would have no funds with which to pay its employees, and Christmas was at hand. Then the character of the allegiance which Mrs. Landes is able to command became evident. Every one of the vouchers was redeemed—by private citizens, by downtown department stores, by small, outlying banks.

Why, then, in the face of this devotion, has she met defeat? Was the burden of living under a New England conscience too great for the frontier village? Did Geneva again banish Calvin? As far as reform measures went, two remarks, made by representatives of opposite schools of thought, are enlightening. Said a Portland friend's bootlegger: "Seattle? Oh, it's slow up there, you know. Got a woman mayor. Nothing much doing." Said a Seattle high-school teacher: "Well, we've had a woman in office now for two years, and there's still gambling going on, and rum-running, and graft. I can't see much difference. And," he added, "I suppose, under the new man it'll go on just the same." This difference of opinion would seem to indicate that Mayor Landes had done about as well as could be done under present conditions. Seattle was cleaned up—impressively. But it was a "reasonable" reform administration.

The only reason for her defeat which anyone has ever given is her sex. Seattle is sensitive to its reputation as a he-man city. It did not like to be teased about its mayor. It was just as irritated by the taunt: "What's the matter with you folks out there; haven't you got any men in Seattle that you have to have a woman for mayor?" as was Texas by the gibe: "The great open spaces, where men are men and women are governors." No one, not even a city, not even an honorable woman, can stand up against a campaign of ridicule.

Seattle is already a little ashamed of itself, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and it surveys the landslide precipitated by its irritation. If the vote were to be taken today it would probably reverse itself. Masculine domination has been vindicated and Seattle begins to remember what an awfully good mayor Mrs. Landes was. Her successor comes into office as an unknown quantity, with no record and no visible backers. He ran on a sex issue only. His primary campaign expenses, excluding the army of precinct workers and the bill posters, were $15,000. His salary as Mayor will be $7,500 a year. But the astonishingly huge vote recorded at the primary in March seems to indicate that masses of voters who ordinarily pay little attention to their duties as citizens turned out to instal him.

There is a deeper moral to the story, however, and a sadder one. No one can be successful in politics without playing the game of politics. And this Mrs. Landes has steadfastly refused to do. She has contended that politics has no place in municipal government; that political parties should be national organizations concerned with national policies, while the governing of a city was a matter of civic housekeeping—of buying stores and repairing streets and keeping the city clean and well and beautiful and as good as possible, efficiently, smoothly, and economically.

To this end she made all her appointments on the basis of efficiency and fitness, and not from the standpoint of political sagacity. In only one instance, she maintains, that of a labor representative appointed to a place on the Board of Public Works, succeeding a labor man, did she appoint any representative of a bloc of voters to a post in the city's government. And this, she says, was because plain justice seemed to dictate it. Those who did the city's work ought, surely, to be represented on its board of management.

This is no way for a politician to act. It is puzzling and irritating to the old guard. It is impossible for the politicians and bosses and grafters to catch step—to understand the rules of the game. Moreover, Mrs. Landes had what she characterized as an immense advantage over a man in her position. Having no family dependent upon her, she was in a position to ignore caution and self-interest. This is the unique contribution which, she believes, the woman with a grown family may make to wise governing. But what municipality wants a mayor who refuses to "listen to reason" when a crisis arrives?

Take the post of port warden, for example. Properly handled, that one appointment may be expected to deliver at least a thousand votes. Mrs. Landes appointed a young university instructor without political backing, place, or power. All the politicians could make of it was that she was favoring an associate of her husband, putting personalities before policies. But Mrs. Landes insists that he won the place on his merit. In addition to his university training he was a naval reserve officer with a war record, and he had his ship's papers and a license to navigate in Alaskan waters, won by actual experience. And then, instead of attending to his rake-off from every passing rum-schooner, he has busied himself with matters like signal lights and police patrol. Such neglect of obvious opportunities is too much for Seattle to witness with equanimity. "Let's put somebody in who knows a good thing when he sees it!"

Such "domestic economy" built up no political machine for the Mayor with which she could counteract the sub rosa campaign waged against her from the start by the old and well-intrenched political ring. She might be indorsed by all the civic organizations in the city, as she was; she might have the editorial support of every large daily, as she had; but that is not political backing, and in American cities today good-housekeeping is not good politics, shameful as it is to admit it.

It is strongly to be doubted that Mrs. Landes will ever seek office on her own account. Her forays into the political field heretofore have been made under pressure of heavy persuasion. It is even less likely that she will renounce her principles and turn politician, to build up an organization. But if ever a good job of civic or national housekeeping demands her attention it is not likely that she will refuse the call of duty. What will probably happen is that other politicians, recognizing her administrative ability and the allegiance she commands from her own small but influential class, will keep her active in appointive positions. Certainly in politics one must stoop to conquer, and she, no doubt, will choose never to stoop. For the present, she is kept busy lecturing and attending to the honorable but not onerous duties devolving upon her as moderator of the Congregational Conference of Washington.

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The South Is Still Solid

By CALVIN B. HOOVER

RECURRENT prophecies are made and hopes expressed that the South and the West are going to form a political alliance against the domination of the national government by the Northeast. The assumption is that the West and the South are predominantly agricultural and rural and can therefore be expected to recognize their community of interest in opposition to the urban and industrial Northeast.

The fundamental error which is the basis of these hopes is not so much that they are predicated upon an underestimate of the growing importance of industry in the South, although this is usually the case. But a factor of far greater importance is the dynamic influence of the industrialists upon the Southern political system compared with the static and sterile nature of the influence which the farmer class exerts. Political dominance by the industrialists is not superficially apparent. Although in no other part of the country is a political party so thoroughly dominated by an economic class, nevertheless there is nowhere such complete indifference to this situation, nor indeed so complete an ignorance of its existence, as in the South. The Northern intelligentsia talk in terms of the conflict between mill owner and mill operative. In reality such conflict is negligible. Antagonism there most certainly is, but no actual struggle takes place, simply because the mill owners are able to have their own political way without any opposition or hindrance.

This lack of dynamic conflict is one of the most characteristic features of Southern political life. The pacifism which characterizes economic affairs is carried into the management of the existing political organizations. The one-party system is not wholly responsible for this. Wisconsin and many other Northern States have as truly a one-party system, in the limited meaning of the word, as has North Carolina or Georgia. But in the South there are not even any fundamentally differentiated factions within the party organizations, such as the division into Stalwarts and La Follettites which characterizes Wisconsin politics. On the contrary, the struggle for office within the political organization is minimized as much as possible. The Southern voter is basically a good-natured individual who shrinks from conflict unless emotionally aroused. The Southern press almost solidly supports the viewpoint that political contests should be confined to issues which are not violently controversial. Anything else is offensive to good taste. Issues which contain potential dynamite are to be avoided if the aspirant for political honors is to be treated by the press as belonging in the class of honorable men. The Democratic political organization adopted this philosophy long ago, due to the necessity for white solidarity in the face of the threat of Negro suffrage. Prolonged controversy within the ranks cannot be tolerated. Democratic conventions may be tumultuous and bitterly contested, but in the Solid South, after the smoke of battle has cleared away, the command to "close ranks" is always heard, and permanent lines of cleavage are never allowed to form. Hence the defeated candidate for governor has his wounded feelings assuaged by the assurance that he will be the organization's candidate in 1932. If he plays the game, after he has served as governor he may aspire to the senatorship. The policy is the far-sighted one of receiving into the bosom of the organization all potential trouble-makers. Since the Republicans have no chance in national politics, their defeated candidate may even look to his Democratic opponent to defend him before the Senatorial committee which passes upon his qualifications for an appointive federal office.

This elimination of serious political conflict means that all hope of economic reform is effectually killed. If there were to be a real fight between Republicans and Democrats, or even between two factions of the Democratic Party, economic issues would be almost sure to arise. Points of conflict which now remain completely unagitated would present a glorious opportunity for a ride to power upon the wrath of an aroused electorate.

This smooth-working political machine has not been consistently dominated by the desire to serve the industrial capitalists. The older members of the machine, who represent their States or districts in Congress, have often in the past shown a willingness to vote for legislation which has been bitterly opposed by the industrial entrepreneurs of the nation. There were many instances of this during the Wilson administrations. The Adamson Act is a case in point. It is only recently that the Southern industrialists have felt any considerable degree of solidarity with the Northern manufacturers, and have attempted to influence the attitude of their representatives in Congress toward national problems.

Nor is it fair to classify the Southern politician of the old school as personally reactionary, or as a natural supporter of industrial capitalism, opposed to the interests of the farmer. In spite of the aristocratic tradition, and in spite of Negro slavery, Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy has been something more than a shibboleth to these men. Few of the older leaders in the political machine are of aristocratic birth and breeding. They are drawn from the class of small farmers, cross-roads merchants, and country lawyers, which, shortly before the dawn of the century, supplanted the planter oligarchy as the political ruling class in the South. Such political survivors of the planter class as retained power and prestige were often hostile to capitalistic industrialism. For example, the late Chief Justice Walter Clark of the Supreme Court of North Carolina was the champion of political and economic theories as radical as and sometimes identical with those advocated by the late Senator La Follette. In the United States Senate we find Heflin of Alabama joining with the radical Republican group in opposing a real or imagined effort of the American capitalists to carry out a policy of economic imperialism in Mexico and Nicaragua.

The South is now at that stage when old economic issues have lost their reality, while those of the present have not yet become apparent to the public. The jargon of politics continues to be reminiscent of post-Civil War days. Southern Senators are frequently men to whom the issues

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of thirty or forty years ago are still real. To these men the South remains primarily agricultural and evangelical. Doubtless they do notice some evidences of change. They find less and less pressure from their constituencies in favor of a lower tariff. In fact, the pressure nowadays is usually exerted in the opposite direction. But these men, while they have not felt called upon to oppose industrialism in their own States, have in the conduct of national affairs remained, for the most part, true to the conception of Democracy current in the late nineteenth century.

But all this is changing. The younger leaders of the political organizations who occupy the governorships and other State offices have developed a philosophy and program radically different. They have observed the South transformed by a new Industrial Revolution. They have seen the visible effect upon the South of the development of textile mills and water-power. They have perceived that this industrial development has made it possible for the South to have good roads, schools, and even country clubs, which could not be supported during the days when the South was in economic dependence upon the industrial Northeast. The gratitude of all classes in the South to the leaders in this industrial movement has been profound. They have known what they wanted, and the new generation of political leaders has been anxious to give it to them.

There has been no other dynamic class in the South to dispute the political dominance of the industrialists. The political influence of the poorer class of farmers has waned since the alliance of the Populists with the Negroes resulted in the decisive defeat of the only real bid for economic power which this class has ever made. The radical farmers were maneuvered into such a position that any attempt to improve their economic status by means of political action involved them in the support of the Negro demand for suffrage, and the white farmer could not bring himself to betray his race to further his economic interests. The Southern farmer has remained a tenant, without hope, without even the determination to register a protest against his lot.

In this respect he is fundamentally different from the Western farmer, who is not at all diffident about asserting his own importance in the legislative halls of his State, or even in Congress if it is humanly possible. The farmer of the West—as witness the Nonpartisan movement—will try any economic experiment in the hope of finding redress for his grievances. If these experiments turn out to be failures, the urban industrialists can be forced to share the burden of the expense. But the Southern farmer constitutes a distinctly different social class. Most Southern Negroes are farmers, and a considerable number of the rest of the farming class are of the poor white type. Naturally they have never enjoyed social or political prestige. Nor is it likely that their political power will increase during the present period of industrial development.

The lack of political importance of the textile operatives is likewise in the natural order of things. They are themselves only transplanted tenant farmers who have left a miserable economic status on their barren acres for a distinctly ameliorated position in the mill village. Psychologically they are not removed from their fellows of the back country; they are as uneducated, as susceptible to religious emotionalism. Life in the mill village means at least easily accessible moving pictures; even such material advantages as a roof which does not leak. The mill worker does not make any articulate protest against his present lot, since, at the worst, it represents a distinct improvement in material well-being over his previous status. Practical politicians continue to make their appeal to this class in terms of anti-evolution and anti-Popery; never in terms of labor legislation.

The mercantile and professional classes of the South support the economic and political philosophy of the industrialists with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The small business man knows that the development of industry in the South has been a tremendous boon to him. It has meant that he could have a standard of living which included Buicks and bathtubs, radio sets and golf. And he knows that low wages constituted the advantage which made it possible in the beginning for Southern industry to compete with Northern industry. To industry, therefore, he would concede a lower tax rate, a low scale of wages, anything, in short, which guarantees him a sufficient pay roll in his town to provide the purchasing power for his wares.

Those political prognosticators who prophesy a union of the Western and Southern farmers against the Northern industrialists are thinking in terms of the South of thirty years ago. In like manner those liberals who look forward to the "smashing of the Solid South," with the hope that a clear-cut alignment of political forces would result, certainly overlook the tremendous advantages which would accrue to conservatism from such an upheaval. Undoubtedly the South would cast in its lot with a conservative-industrialist party rather than with a liberal-agrarian one.

If, in the coming election, the Solid South were to be broken, the inevitable result would be that the younger generation in the Democratic and Republican machines would become dominant. Perhaps the Republican Party might temporarily or even permanently capture a few States. But the industrialists would view such a result with equanimity. The seductive appeal of the protective tariff has been making the Republican Party more acceptable to them. The *rapprochement* of the Southern industrialists and the Republican Party has resulted in a steady waning of interest in the Negro on the part of the younger Republican leaders. Certainly the triumph of the Republican Party in the South would not constitute a threat to white hegemony.

The important result of such an upheaval in the South would be the elimination of a political "time-lag" which up to the present has prevented the final consolidation of political power in the hands of the industrialists. With this time-lag eliminated, the power of the younger politicians of the South, who are hard-boiled conservatives, would spread from State to national politics. As long as the political equilibrium is undisturbed, however, the representatives of the South in national politics, on account of their traditional opposition to the Republican Party, will often support the national program of the radical Republicans from the West, for the pure joy of putting a Republican administration in a political hole.

At some time a liberal or even a radical political party may develop in the South. But such a development, if it ever comes, lies far in the future. Meanwhile the agrarian influence upon Southern politics is rapidly becoming of importance only to the historian. The man of the hour in politico-economic affairs is neither the laborer nor the farmer, but the industrialist.

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The Grave of Mill

By CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING

THAT the body of John Stuart Mill rests in Avignon involves strange contrasts. For Mill was a master of philosophic thought in England during a generation which enrolled the greatest thinkers. Among them, in the larger relation, were Peel, Palmerston, Cobden, Brougham, Disraeli, Gladstone, Macaulay, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. In the smaller circle were included Carlyle, Ruskin, Bentham, George Grote, Ricardo, Maurice, and the Austins.

The little city of Avignon, on the contrary, represents medievalism. It is a treasure house of the government and history of the Middle Ages. Here Pope and Anti-Pope ruled. It also bears one back to the conquering Roman period. In such an environment rests the mortal part of one who made rich contributions to three great departments of learning, of thought, and of life—political science, economics, and inductive logic. The place hardly seems fitting as a last and lasting resting place of a life so diverse and so active.

No such contrast belongs to Keats, resting in a quiet part of the English cemetery in Rome, or to the entombment of Shelley's heart. One recalls Rupert Brooke's great sonnets. Perhaps it is true for each that wherever the great of English life lie buried, there is to be found a part of the soil of England.

On a wet morning of a dark day in February I went to Avignon. One purpose of my going was to visit the grave of Mill. Without difficulty I found the sacred spot. The keeper said, in answer to my question, that very many persons came seeking for the grave—English, American, German, Swedish, "and all," he added. For Mill's grave is one of the world's shrines for those who hold clear thinking, moral excellence, loyalty to conviction, desire to serve humanity as the supreme treasures of the race.

The grave is in the St.-Veran cemetery. Mill's wife, too, lies buried there. A simple sarcophagus it is, of white marble, standing above the ground's level. At each end of the marble is inscribed Mill's name; on the side are inscribed his name and the dates of his birth and his death. The top of the marble bears that marvelous testimony written by Mill for his wife. I quote it:

> To the Beloved Memory of Harriet Mill, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, and the example in goodness—as she was the sole earthly delight of those who had the happiness to belong to her; earnest for all public good, as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the greatest improvements of the age and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon, November 3, 1858.

Has there ever been written a eulogy by a husband to a wife more moving? The epitaph, however, is simply a condensation of what Mill has written in his autobiography regarding her. On several pages of the book he seeks to interpret her: "the most valuable friend of my life." . . . "What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail, almost infinite."

It is known to all that the marriage to Mill was his wife's second one. That sense of admiration—to use no stronger word for the earlier feeling—for Mrs. Taylor began relatively at an early age. Mill wrote in a rather singular paragraph:

> Married at an early age, to a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her, though a steady and affectionate friend, for whom she had true esteem and the strongest affection through life, and whom she most deeply lamented when dead.

It should be said, however, that those who knew both John Stuart Mill and his wife—and I have talked with those who knew both—confess that they found in her no such supreme qualities in a degree so supreme as Mill describes. It has, indeed, been intimated that, unconsciously, of course, she gave back to Mill what Mill had already given to her. He recognized the greatness of the ideas without recognizing their origin. John Morley quotes Carlyle as saying: "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Mill was good at answers." But this is Carlyle; and Mill is the better and the best judge.

Here in foreign soil rests the mortal part of one who was a master of the higher philosophic thinking of England for a generation. Without being a graduate of Oxford, he was yet a master in Oxford. He was not a product of Oxford tutors or of the common room. Lacking many of the typical traditions and possessions of England, yet he seemed to belong to England. He was the soul and center of a great generation. In many a paragraph of his "Recollections," John Morley writes of him in noble interpretation and loving loyalty. Of the last day that Morley ever spent with Mill, he says: "He was impatient for the song of the nightingale. Then I drove him to our roadside station, and one of the most delightful days of my life came to an end, like other days delightful and sorrowful."

In the Driftway

EUROPE or America first? That was the question put to six New Yorkers the other day by the inquiring photographer of the *Daily News*. The question in full was: "If you were given $1,000 for traveling, would you see Europe or America first?" As a travel expert, the Drifter feels he should have been consulted also. For him it would be purely hypothetical, since he never expects to have a thousand dollars for travel. But his opinion, as a seasoned drifter on nothing at all, would surely have been a contribution.

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AS might have been expected, the answers were prevailingly patriotic. "America would be my choice." "I would rather see America first." Only one of the six, a

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young lady, preferred Europe. Her reason was not flattering to either continent: "You can see America any time. . . . Besides there is likely to be a war in Europe any time." Another young lady—the sexes were evenly divided—was bolder: "I could see both Europe and America on $1,000." This approaches the Drifter's point of view, but he fears she does not know the difficulties of the undertaking. Drifting on nothing is an art; it cannot be learned in a day.

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THE three men questioned were uniformly orthodox. America had better "scenery," they opined. "We have high mountains, sea shores, valleys, and prairie, and I would rather see this than all Europe." One young man even introduced the idea of duty into the situation: "I think every man owes it to his country to see it first." This is surely commendable and touching; it connotes a loyalty to one's native land that transcends mere patriotism. America's feelings will be hurt, says this devoted son, if I slight her. In which he flatters America as well as himself. But in all the answers the Drifter was glad not to find the most modern attitude toward traveling, that of avoiding the best-known places for fear of being taken for a tourist. "Don't let's go to Notre Dame," cry the intelligentsia; "everyone has been there." And they stay away, and Notre Dame remains as it was before, despite the thousands who have or have not looked at its noble pile. These finicky persons eschew the worn paths of touristdom; they seek out "little villages" and "quaint, unknown inns." Not for them the purity of Chartres, the dignity of Westminster, the bewildering variety of the Louvre, the translucent tower at Pisa.

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ALONG with this sniffing at places because they have been often visited goes the desire to find more persons of the same mind. Thus Paris is cluttered with Americans trying to act as if they were in America; thus a gentleman of the Drifter's acquaintance complained all during a trip through Spain because the food was Spanish, the baths were not American, the hotels were inferior to those in New York. For persons of this mind, America first is surely preferable, and America not more than a mile from their own doorsteps. Unless a traveler can be also an adventurer, with his eyes and his mind open for new sensations and new sights, he had far better follow the example of another of the Drifter's friends. He is eighty-four; three nights of his life have been spent out of the house in which he was born. "No," he says. "I ain't one to travel. I expect there's a good deal of human nature wherever you go, and I got enough of it here to do me."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Crew of the Italia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reams of criticism of Nobile and Mariano and Zappi and of their ill-fated expedition continue to fill considerable space in the press. Easy-chair scientists have hastened to make charges of mismanagement and incompetence before the rescued men have had time to recover sufficiently to tell their story.

From Moscow comes the intelligence that Dr. Wise, commander of the Russian relief ship Maligin, explains the cause of the disaster to the Italia. He says ice fragments thrown off by the propellers ruptured the envelope of the ship, causing it to crash. His conclusion was confirmed by Lieutenant Viglieri, head of the group rescued by the Krassin near Foyn Island. This judgment by these two men, in itself, answers the charge that mismanagement caused the crash.

Mariano and Zappi, under the leadership of Malmgren, were sent over the ice to bring succor to six companions they left behind. The story of their sufferings on the floes is known to all. Malmgren, dying, urged his companions to push forward. Mariano and Zappi found themselves in a peculiar situation. Should they abandon their dying companion, or should they remain with him and perhaps sacrifice the lives of the six men left behind?

The six men pinned their hopes on the walking party. Their radio was disabled. Later it was repaired, and communication was effected. But Mariano and Zappi did not know this. Firmly convinced of Malmgren's imminent death, they continued on their way. It would have been cowardly to quit while their comrades awaited, as they believed, the outcome of their trip for help. Mariano and Zappi were still struggling on when they were found almost in a state of collapse.

But the drama is not yet ended. Out on the ice shall yet come vindication for a courageous band of men whom history will place among the great heroes in the conquest of the Arctic.

This letter is written in behalf of the two hundred members of the Italian Young Folks League.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21 MAURICE P. YUPPA,
President, Italian Young Folks League

Teachers and the Power Trust

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your articles on the Power Trust and its propaganda in the schools, may I call your attention to the position and history of the American Federation of Teachers in this matter.

At the twelfth convention of the American Federation of Teachers in Chicago, in June, 1928, the following resolutions were adopted:

> WHEREAS, The power interests are known to be seeking every opportunity to use the public schools to spread their propaganda; and
>
> WHEREAS, The American Federation of Teachers holds the opinion that the public schools of this country which belong to the people, with their varying political and economic convictions, should provide for the presentation and discussion of both sides of controversial questions, but should not be exploited for the purpose of advocating the particular conviction or beliefs of any group; therefore,
>
> *Be it Resolved,* That the American Federation of Teachers goes on record as unalterably opposed to all efforts of private or public service corporations, such as the Hydro-Electric Power Trust, to inject covert propaganda into the public schools; and
>
> *Be it further Resolved,* That we oppose all attempts to censor textbooks in the social sciences that do not harmonize with the views held by the power interests of America.

The report of our Education Committee said this:

> When this committee in its report to the last convention directed attention to the Ely Institute for Research on Land Economics and Public Utilities, it seems to have been a foretaste of revelations of astonishing magnitude. The committee felt keenly the danger to education of an organization posing as an institute of research, and so closely associated with a great university as to be popularly considered a part of it, which was yet financed by businesses whose interests were largely concerned with the outcome of their ostensible research.

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The committee would be glad to claim, perhaps, that it realized not only the danger of the principle, but the extent of the practice. But the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission of the activities of the power interests has revealed a situation more ominous even than we feared. . . .

The National Electric Light Association, the chief propaganda agency of the power interests, has been subsidizing the Harvard School of Business Administration to the extent of $30,000 a year for its "research staff in public utilities management," and the records of the National Electric Light Association show that the subsidy is largely to "produce an adequate textbook on public utility corporations" which "would better appear under academic auspices than as a publication of this association. In addition it is obvious that such literature bearing the imprint of Harvard University would be quite generally adopted by other institutions."

Dr. Ely's Institute at Northwestern has also been receiving a subsidy from the National Electric Light Association of $25,000 a year, and has apparently been delivering a satisfactory return, since Dr. Ely felt free to write the association on February 16 of this year, asking additional support to finance a study of municipal ownership of utilities in California, where the private power interests are attacking public ownership with especial bitterness. Illustrations could be multiplied, but the policy is clear. Managing Director Aylesworth of the National Electric Light Association in addressing the 1923 convention of the Mid-West Utilities is quoted in part as saying: "I would advise any manager here who lives in a community where there is a college to get the professor of economics interested in your problems. Have him lecture on your subject in his classes. Once in a while it will pay you to take such men getting five or six hundred, or a thousand dollars a year, and give them a retainer of one or two hundred dollars a year for the privilege of letting you study and consult with them. For how, in heaven's name, can we do anything in the schools of the country with the young people growing up if we have not first sold the idea of education to the college professor?". . .

But even more serious than this alarming success in buying the camouflage of academic prestige and supposedly disinterested authority is their censorship of high-school textbooks. In a number of States, their records show, they have had every text on economics used in the schools of the State examined, and where statements detrimental to their interests were found, pressure was brought to bear on school authorities to take the book out, or to place it on the shelves as a reference book.

They boast that they overlook no opportunity in our educational system from the eighth grade up. Their records show that they utilize every avenue they can succeed in reaching in each situation from the individual teacher or principal through board members and superintendents up to State superintendents of public instruction. . . .

At this point let us avoid misunderstanding by repeating our declaration of a year ago. It is not a question of the sincerity of any given individual's convictions, or of the right of organized private groups to finance research. The growing control of research by private endowment does create a difficult social problem, but we are not concerned with it here. We freely grant that scholars of high integrity may and do legitimately serve private foundations. But the issue is still one of masquerading under false colors. . . .

The American Federation of Teachers, as the first organization of educators publicly to call attention to this danger, owes it to itself and to the profession it seeks to protect to protest against the use of our schools by any business interests to inculcate in immature minds principles of economics favorable only to those interests.

The American Federation of Teachers also should urge its members to be alert to detect other attempts so to use our schools, and to realize their own importance as the protectors of the minds of the youth of the land and hence of the future of the nation.

This would seem to be as vigorous a statement on the subject as you will find promulgated by any organized body, and in view of the record of the American Federation of Teachers it is to be expected that these statements will be made effective.

The American Federation of Teachers hopes to do not a little this year to show that your own attitude of "There seems to be no concerted movement to throw the textbooks edited by the utilities men out of the schools and to purify the educational system" is too pessimistic, that the attitude of the Power Trust toward educators is too sweepingly contemptuous, and that the statement recently made by an educational leader, "The teachers themselves appear to have no desire for freedom," applies to a constantly decreasing number.

Chicago, July 30 FLORENCE CURTIS HANSON,
Secretary-Treasurer, American Federation of Teachers

Hoover's Touchiness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read the review of William Hard's book on Mr. Hoover by Mr. Villard, in which Hard is quoted as stating that Hoover broods over his clippings. I know this to be true. I remember writing an editorial attacking him over the terrible conditions in the Alaskan canneries. In the whirl of events I had forgotten the editorial when along came a long telegram from Hoover begging me to inform our readers that he was not responsible, etc.

Mr. Hoover has the engineer mind, but will it triumph over his political environment? I guess not. You might as well expect Mr. Villard to acknowledge the logical conclusion of his exposure of politics and politicians in America and vote for William Z. Foster for President.

Dublin, Ireland, July 20 JACK CARNEY,
Former editor of *Labor Unity*

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Books, Music, Plays

The Portrait

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Through his eye searching far
Over the bone-stretched rondure of my face,
Exploring every scar,
And lingering on the meaning of each trace,

Through his hand searching to fulfil
The image left unalterably in a brain
By the packed cohorts of my thought and will
Materialized in flesh, I shall remain

Not mine but mine and his;
A link twixt thought and act none can discern.
Yet my portrait is this,
And to it all my days unspoken turn.

Yet only doubly unknown time may mark
What a hand wrought in color, line, and tone;
And a shape uttered outwardly of that dark
And changeless silence where life broods alone.

Sincere Conversation

By LAURA RIDING

The small, the far away,
The unmeant meanings
Of sincere conversation
Encourage the common brain of talkers
And steady the cup-handles on the table.
Over the rims the drinking eyes
Taste mutual congratulation
And are satisfied.

Happy room, meal of securities:
The fire distributes feelings,
The cross beam showers down centuries.
How close in friendliness
Creep words from where they shiver and starve,
Small and far away in thought,
Untalkative and false.

The End of Soames

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN this book, the last link in the Forsyte chain, Mr. Galsworthy is clearly trying to do three separate things at once. In the first place, he is endeavoring to step into Mr. Wells's patented role of recorder and interpreter of current events. We see the Forsyte family, particularly Michael and Fleur, old Soames's daughter, posed against the background of the general strike of 1926. The first third of the book is taken up with a careful, quite unnecessarily conscientious elucidation of their views on the strike and the social problems connected with England's present situation. Let us waive the obvious objection to the novel which would act as a faithful mirror of the recently contemporary. Mr. Wells may or may not, according to your prejudices, have shown the futility, if not the impossibility, of such a novel form. In Mr. Galsworthy's case the trouble does not inhere in any fundamental aesthetic error but simply in the fact that his characters are at once too simple-symbolic and by this time too familiar to us for their social commentary to arrive with any force or freshness. It is merely wearying, for example, to listen again and again to young Michael's tentative, decent-minded, Parliamentary liberalism.

If one wishes to construct a very long narrative (and of course "Swan Song" is nothing if not a part of a longer narrative) in which the *views* of the characters are to play a significant part, one must conceive these characters as complicated and continuously incomplete. Otherwise the reader will too easily become a prophet of their reactions. In other words, he becomes novelist instead of observer. This difficulty is beautifully avoided in the immense tales of Dostoevski where the personages are continually discovering and rediscovering themselves. But Mr. Galsworthy, who sees life as a much clearer and simpler thing, evolved his characters completely in the previous volumes of the Forsyte Saga. Consequently, with this new book, our main interest attaches not to their personalities or to their commentary on the changes in their environment—but simply to their fates. We are merely curious to know what happens to them.

This contraction of the reader's interest works also against the second of Mr. Galsworthy's purposes. It seems clear that in Fleur and Michael, Jon and Anne, he is trying to construct a picture of post-war youth on almost the same scale as his great Victorian portrait. But it does not quite come off. For first, as has been mentioned, his young people are too easily comprehended, too clear. If young Englishmen and Englishwomen are confused and groping and cynical, they are surely not as explicit about their confusion and groping and cynicism as young Fleur is. Put it this way—they have not had time to become simplified into articulate symbols in the way that Soames is simplified into a symbol of the acquisitive drive. Indeed, this matter of the patina laid on by time is at the root of Mr. Galsworthy's triumphs and failures. When he can look back and see his people in perspective, he is mellow and convincing; when he records the life around him he is bare and monofacial. Proust's gift of creative reminiscence he possesses to a marked degree. Proust's talent for abstracting the passionately complex and essential from a contemporary world he does not possess.

But it is probable that neither of these two purposes—that of recording a commentary on current events and that of constructing a picture of post-war youth—was predominant in his mind when he wrote this volume. Primarily "Swan Song" seems written to effect an artistic and symbolic conclusion to the fortunes of the Forsyte clan, and in particular to round off the career of Soames, unquestionably his greatest character and equally undeniably one of the greatest characters in modern English fiction. So far as concerns the technical handling of this rounding-off process, little exception can be taken. Mr. Galsworthy is a really extraordinary master of pure narration: his sense of tempo is infallible and elegant, here as it was in the earlier volumes. Yet the death of Soames—occurring as a result of his attempt to save his two great possessions, Fleur and the picture collection—does not have about it the grandeur and inevitability presumably intended for it. Not only is the catastrophe a little too slickly symbolic to be very moving, but it is reduced to mean proportions by being juxtaposed with the rest of the fable. For Mr. Galsworthy's Victorians—old Jolyon, Swithin, James, Soames himself—had a dignity and grandeur about them that made their every action weighty and arresting. They were comic giants but they were giants and they lived amid giants, even

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monstrosities. But the piddling youngsters in "Swan Song," with their trifling love affairs and talky social reforms and tuppenny adulteries, reduce the narrative to such niggardly proportions that Soames himself loses, instead of gains, in tragic grandeur. His end should have had something noble and Greek about it. Instead it comes merely as an acceptably fitting accident, the death of a ghost among pigmies.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Study of Soviet Development

Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution. By Maurice Dobb, assisted by H. C. Stevens. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

MR. DOBB has produced the most ambitious, comprehensive, and dispassionate study of the Soviet economic scene available in our language. He traces carefully the unfolding of the Soviet order, from the first desperate and somewhat bewildered beginnings to the present day, evaluating each phase of the development, applying to each the litmus tests of the economist, and leaving his reader finally with a vantage view of future possibilties—with the prudent proviso that the perspective is subject to change without notice.

Particularly fascinating is Mr. Dobb's survey of the earlier precarious years of the Soviet enterprise. Lenin, having driven his party to the seizure of power, transformed himself overnight from the tireless aggressor to the cautious statesman, so cautious indeed that rash spirits among his associates ran ahead of his conservatism. He realized better than they that while one must seize the desperate chance in attack, once the position is won the main task is one of patient consolidation. Unyielding in matters of ultimate policy and plan, he never hesitated to alter his campaign to accord with day-to-day emergencies.

When the State Bank was used to finance the foes of the Soviet state he brought it under state control. When the other banks sabotaged he swallowed them also. The land his government nationalized immediately, for it was already nationalized in the national consciousness. Industry represented a more complicated problem in which he moved more slowly than the impatient workers sometimes found tolerable. Lenin temporized with the idea of a diarchy in which impatient factory committees shared power with exasperated managers or owners. After some months this stopgap broke down. A growing number of "expropriations" by local committees augmented the growing economic chaos. It was not, however, until late in June, 1918, seven and a half months after the Bolsheviks seized power, that Lenin yielded to a general nationalization decree for large industries, and even then he yielded primarily to fix the legal status of industries in the Don Basin for which the hands of invading Germans were outstretched.

When the iron ring of Allied invasion and blockade closed about the Soviet state, military communism was decreed as a desperate measure to keep the country alive. It was, in Mr. Dobb's view, a measure of sudden military necessity, rather than a deliberate attempt to realize economic theory. "The needs of the army and the pressing necessities of life for the civilian population become the ruling obsessions," he writes, "and under such conditions it was almost inevitable that there should be excessive centralization, and that semi-military methods should be generally applied, particularly in the absence of an adequate administrative apparatus and personnel. 'War communism' was, therefore, the product, not of theories, but of war-time improvisation."

Certain Communists, Mr. Dobb points out, regarded "war communism" as a permanent goal attained. In his view Lenin did not regard it as an ultimate form. For his practical mind, says the author, communism was not a form to be "deduced a priori from first principles," but a society, to be erected on a base of communal ownership and classlessness, "and the forms of the superstructure would be those which experience would prove to be most adapted to and consistent with that base." Mr. Dobb's interpretation of Lenin seems a fair one. When the crisis was finally weathered, Lenin scrapped military communism and began to sketch the design of his base which is now being created in the Soviet state. Most Occidental critics have inferred that in creating the new economic policy he scrapped communism because "it would not work." In Mr. Dobb's view Lenin merely released from a too centralized control the creative forces of the country to give the opportunity to construct the necessary foundation for the collectivist society of tomorrow. The very consistent trend to collectivism and socialization during the past few years gives weight to Mr. Dobb's interpretation.

Mr. Dobb's study of the economic recovery is carefully worked out and interspersed with glimpses of a new society slowly integrating itself amid grave natural handicaps. The coming of the sound currency and the liquidation of the financial chaos, the problem of town versus country, the rise and fall of the "goods famine," the growth of "rationalization" and state planning, the rapid advance of the cooperatives, the development of the labor unions and their creative position in the Soviet state, the unique phenomenon of the party—all these have their appropriate places in the author's economic drama.

Mr. Dobb finds the progress surprising in view of the obstacles. The country is confident and forward-looking. It has embarked high-heartedly on many ambitious projects beyond the scope of accomplishment in the old days. It is facing its many grave problems with vigor and intelligence. These problems—of the dearth of basic capital, of bureaucracy, of the altered basis of rural economy—Mr. Dobb does not underrate, but against the background of achievement during the first decade his conclusions incline to optimism.

> It is not impossible that the next decades may hold for Russia an industrial revolution as rapid as in Japan or Germany half a century ago. Some declare that Moscow already wears the signs of an American city, with a drive and an activity she did not have before. In her streets there is certainly a new rhythm of life to be felt and heard. A new spirit of creation is abroad, elemental and crude and strong. On the lump of the old Russian temperament the Communists are ruthlessly working as a new leaven—an energizing, a leveling, a Westernizing force. Perhaps in this "laboratory of life," as one observer calls it, the scientist is evolving some new historical element of great moment to the world.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Roger Bacon

The Cipher of Roger Bacon. By William Romaine Newbold. Edited with Foreword and Notes by Rolland Grubb Kent. University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon. A Translation by Robert Belle Burke. University of Pennsylvania Press. Two volumes. $10.

MYSTERY and the repute of strange knowledge build a fascination about this newest attempt to decode what may be one of the rumored ciphers of Roger Bacon. Professor Newbold has taken the last page of the Voynich manuscript for the key to the Bacon cipher, and the present volume retails the course of his attempts to arrive at meanings concealed in the document and in other writings. Unhappily the work was interrupted by his death, and therefore the consequences of the research are not completely elaborated nor clearly presented: some of the chapters are semi-popular expositions of Bacon's thought and cipher which Professor Newbold presented before learned societies, others are unfinished chapters of the book he projected, and still others were recon-

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structed from his correspondence and his fragmentary notes.

This incomplete state of the work is particularly regrettable since the device that Professor Newbold evolved is so very elaborate. The Latin cipher had to be flexible enough to permit an apparent (though often nonsensical) meaning to the text as well as the hidden meaning conveyed by the symbols. To permit such flexibility, however, requires a highly articulated scheme of alphabets, and Professor Newbold has worked out a series so elaborate that a single phonetic value may have as many as eighty symbols and in turn a single symbol may have a half dozen alphabetical equivalents. Since the order of the symbols may be rearranged, this means that the device will achieve, as well as a high degree of concealment, a considerable degree of ambiguity. With Professor Newbold's series of values it would be possible to take any piece of Latin, say a page of Cicero, and discover in it a concealed as well as an apparent meaning! There would be only this difference—that in the Bacon text all the symbols would in the end be used, whereas the decipherer of the Cicero would probably finish with some letters left over. But then there must be added the frequent warning that the Bacon interpretation is not complete, and that sometimes a passage ends, deliberately, with nonsense syllables. And finally in addition to the Latin cipher there is a short-hand text in which signs may be constructed and superimposed into what seems to be a single letter (apparently with the aid of a microscope since sometimes more than a dozen minute strokes might go into the making of a letter), and the confusion is heightened with that ultimate concealment until Professor Newbold confesses: "I frequently, for example, find it impossible to read the same text twice in exactly the same way."

The chief token of the correctness of the interpretation, therefore, must be sought in the items of information previously unknown to the decipherer which have been verified from other sources. The date of a comet, of an eclipse, and of a riot at Oxford, the location of the Great Nebula of Andromeda, a formula for the production of metallic copper, a bit of classical lore, an account of the illness of a pope and the remedies prescribed by Bacon and a few others make up the present list. Unfortunately the work of this book had to be devoted so largely to following out of the clues of the cipher that very little application has been made of the key, and that little is as yet of slight importance to the doctrine of Bacon. Some interesting points, however, have been turned up: the history of the manuscript suggests that it may once have been in the possession of the famous Doctor John Dee (the original of Prospero) and opens thus the possibility of a connection with Francis Bacon; the interpretation which the key affords of a cipher in a Vatican manuscript suggests a possible influence of Raymond Lully on Roger Bacon. But much of the Voynich manuscript is apparently still uninterpreted. Whether or not the key is correct, and whether or not important discoveries may be made by applying it further, can scarcely be hazarded. But the account of what has so far been done is an ingenious—and not wholly plausible intellectual detective tale.

The translation of Dean Burke makes available for the first time to English readers the complete "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon. Since surprisingly little of the large philosophical production of the Middle Ages has been translated, this contribution is of no slight importance if a widespread understanding of medieval thought is to be hoped for. The translation is smooth, intelligible, close to the text, and for the most part exact. What faults occur, arise from the fact that Dean Burke seems to be more expert in Latin than in the Middle Ages or in Aristotle. Rather frequently a sense perhaps of classical elegance conceals a medieval syntax from him; such slips are seldom crucial—of the type of the one which occurs on page 586 of volume II: Bacon has insisted that a man may repeat the truth without understanding it, like an ape (Dean Burke translates) "that relies on the aid of men to perform its part," when the text ("quae opera hominum nititur peragere") says like an ape "that attempts to perform the actions of men. . . ." There is no need, however, to enumerate such errors. It is more important that Dean Burke falsifies the intellectual background from time to time by translations which are verbally permissible but doctrinally erroneous. Thus, he does not observe the sharp Augustinian-Platonist distinction between *sapientia* and *scientia*—*sapientia* is knowledge of eternal changeless things, the archetypes which bear the impress of divine ideas, whereas *scientia* is knowledge of particular changing things, the things of time and space: Dean Burke translates *sapientia*, sometimes knowledge, sometimes science, sometimes wisdom, as if *sapientia* were only a verbal variant of *scientia*, and that procedure permits him to take *scientia* usually as if it were the constant invocation of experimental science; the doctrinal significance and continuity are wholly lost, for Augustine no less than Bacon speaks of *scientia* and *sapientia*. Or, to give another example, Bacon contrasts Intelligences or angels (which are separated substances) with souls (which are substantial forms and therefore in need of union with a body); the Intelligences in question are, of course, those that rule the heavenly spheres and perform like angelic functions—but Dean Burke renders *intelligentia* "intellect" and leaves the passage (vol. I, p. 45) with little if any significance. So, too, words like *esse*, *potentia*, *species* are translated with a laxity that must shock an Aristotelian, but the supreme sin occurs when (vol. II, p. 635 and again p. 795) the practical intellect (*intellectus practicus*) is confounded with the active intellect (*intellectus agens*), as if the long controversies of the Middle Ages on the active intellect were not sufficient to warn the translator of a medieval document that the practical intellect with its contrast in the speculative intellect is far from the contrast of the active intellect with the possible. The error is the more disturbing since the active intellect is correctly rendered in one passage (vol. I, pp. 44-48) in which the further Baconian doctrine which identifies it with God is definitely stated; such an identification would be unintelligible in the case of the practical intellect. Such objections, however, are only occasional and should not disturb the reader who may come to these volumes for his first reading in Bacon—and the chance Aristotelian who may wander into them will find definite enough marks of the Aristotelian terminology to permit a ready reconstruction.

RICHARD MCKEON

Books in Brief

Julius Stockhausen, der Sänger des deutschen Lieds. Nach Dokumenten seiner Zeit. Frankfurt: Verlag Englert und Schlosser.

This excellent biography is the homage paid by a daughter to her famous father. It is a sketch of the wonderful mastersinger Julius Stockhausen, and the work unfolds itself in a wide correspondence—with his parents and with his great contemporaries Clara Schumann, Brahms, and others. In this book, admirably printed and heartily to be recommended, we admire a sensitive spirit and participate in an artist's struggles and triumphs as teacher and singer of songs and oratorios.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. American Supplement. Waldo Selden Pratt, Editor. Charles N. Boyd, Associate Editor. The Macmillan Company. $6.

An American supplement may have been necessary in 1920 to remedy the omissions of the second edition of Grove; but there is no obvious reason why in 1928 the facts about American music and musicians should not be included in the main body of the new third edition (as indeed many of them are). Nor is there any excuse for putting out what is called a new edition of this supplement with new material, in which, on the contrary, nothing seems to have been added to what was given in 1920; in which even the cross-references are to the second edition of Grove; and in which as a result, Farrar and Caruso still hold forth at the Metropolitan, Stransky is still at the

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head of the Philharmonic, Huneker still writes for the *Times*, and so on.

Up Eel River. By Margaret Prescott Montague. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Tony Beaver is the name of Paul Bunyan among the mountain lumbermen of West Virginia, but as interpreted by Margaret Prescott Montague he is a much more spiritual character than the wholesome but material Paul. Tony Beaver could see in a dew-drop all that Blake ever saw in "a grain of sand." He was—yet is—a kind of mystic magician, dancing with dogwood trees and reversing the "wheels of time" so as to fetch up yesterdays and hog-tie tomorrows. He is a kind of giant fairy; yet at the same time he is as earthy as Bottom. As he says, "The earth owns me." "Up Eel River" is written with real charm.

Contemporary American Authors. By J. C. Squire and Associated Critics of the London *Mercury*. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Milk-and-water pronouncements by the correct generation of English critics—Squire, Priestley, John Freeman, Osbert Burdett, etc. The American writers discussed are Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, Lewis, Hergesheimer, Frost, Lindsay, Dreiser, and Robinson. These are "literary essays" par excellence. One can object to nothing in them; indeed, their un-American coolness and skepticism are welcome and intelligent. Yet on the whole they are almost unreadable. They are so soberly genteel, so level, so even. Their judgments are so clearly and dully just. Criticism to which one can do little but mildly assent may be necessary—but it is far from important.

Music

The Ballet Russe: 1928

Paris, July 20

THOSE who treasure their recollections of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe will do best to stay away from it when it visits New York again this fall.

The performances of 1916 were not distinguished merely by the brilliant dancing and miming of individuals like Jijinsky and Bolm. The very rank and file shared this brilliancy, so that at times the entire stage was alive with patterned movement. The performances were further notable for their light and color, particularly those of the ballets that were based on Russian or Asiatic legends. But above all, in these elements, and in the complete performances into which they were combined, one sensed an alert, vitalizing intelligence and taste which could find its good and use it. Today there seems to be less good to use. In the performances I saw recently in Paris ("Pulcinella," "Apollon," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Noces," "Ode," "L'Après-midi d'un faune," and "Barabau") the only exceptional dancing was that of Woznikowsky in "Pulcinella." Most of his associates were heavy, and often, therefore, out of time. But if they had all been Woznikowskys they would only have emphasized the poor quality of the supporting company. A worse exhibition of slovenliness than it gave in "L'Oiseau de Feu" it would be difficult to imagine. The stage at time was choked with unwieldy groups, and not a concerted movement was actually begun or ended in concert. Opposed to this confusion was only one element of order and poise, the working of Massine's body in its various movements in his old role of the Prince. Formerly Massine did not stand out so. But there seems also to be less intelligence to use what good there is.

The 1916 performance of "L'Après-midi d'un faune" was given against a somber backdrop by Bakst, and on a dimly lighted stage. The program in the Paris performance mentioned only costumes by Bakst, for there was now a shabby backdrop of an ugly solid color (a light blue, as I recall it), with a skimpy platform for the faun; and the stage was in a glare that revealed every quiver of Lifar's muscles as he held the faun's attitudes. Nor was this only the simplicity of the newer ballets, the precise, purposeful simplicity, for example, of the Picasso set in "Pulcinella"; it was plain shabbiness. Nor was the reason poverty, for the theater was crowded; there seems rather to have been a deterioration in the intelligence that formerly governed matters so well.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

FOR those who have wondered what feelings and emotions tug and pull at the newspaper reporter's heart (if he has one) while he is busy gathering the Truth for the public, "The Front Page" at the Times Square Theater is quite the best thing that has yet come to Broadway. The various episodes take place in the press room of the Chicago Criminal Courts building and have what has come to be the inevitable background of every play laid in the Chicago scene: crime and politics. On top of that, and adding immensely to the robust entertainment of the play, is an incessant stream of reporters' wisecracks mingled with an unusually rich, bald profanity—a profanity which is, however, magically unobtrusive in the vigorous and sincere rhythm of the play. No doubt the authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, have written more humor, speed, and caricature into three hours than the average newspaperman experiences in three months, but they have also stuck closely enough to reality to make the melodrama as a whole seem like little more than an extraordinary piece of good newspaper reporting. Lee Tracy and Walter Burns as the reporter and the managing editor give fine portrayals of their parts, and they are supported by a uniformly good cast.

W. P. M.

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International Relations Section

A Call to Rumanians

A tremendous gathering of Rumanians took place at Alba Julia on May 6, last, called by the National Peasant Party to protest against the present regime of the Liberal Party. It is estimated that as many as 100,000 peasants were present, some of them coming on foot from as far away as fifty miles. The following appeal was issued by the National Peasant Party in connection with the gathering:

THE National Peasant Party at this moment of grave depression of our national life considers it its duty to appeal to the civic and national conscience of the whole country and to call the nation to a task far above all considerations of petty trivialities and partisan rivalries.

The fight which the National Peasant Party is carrying on is not limited to a simple discussion of current political issues. It is nothing less than the continuation of the long struggle of the Rumanian people to attain their liberty and national unity.

After the war which freed our land from foreign masters, the Rumanian people thought that as a result of their heroic efforts they would be able to live as a free and united nation.

But the enthusiasm of the masses and the faith of the people were abused by an oligarchy of plutocrats, devoid of scruples and determined to exploit the tragedy of the people for their selfish purposes of domination and oppression.

The war was ended ten full years ago.

During these ten years the newly annexed Rumanian provinces, having thrown off the yoke of foreigners, have been trying to establish the foundations of a national Rumanian state, free and independent.

But by the cruel irony of fate the army, with which the Government was intrusted in 1926 for the purpose of defending the country against foreign enemies, has been utilized by a coterie of plutocrats in a war against the "liberated" provinces, against the productive classes, and against the masses of the people throughout the whole country, who by their sacrifices have won the right to assume their proper place in political life.

Thus for ten years we have lived under a regime of oppression and exploitation in which the police force, martial law, the censorship, and an utter disregard of all the laws have constituted the only means by which the Liberal Party has maintained its domination, open or disguised.

CITIZENS, In theory we have a constitutional state based on universal suffrage, representative government, and ministerial responsibility. In practice universal suffrage is a deception. For eight years there has been no such thing as national representation.

The ballot boxes have been stuffed, individual liberty trampled under foot, the press shackled; the administration, the police force, the courts, the army have been drawn away from their great purposes of maintaining order, establishing justice, and defending the nation, and have been transformed by an unscrupulous Government into instruments of corruption and electoral oppression.

The legislative bodies have been the products of the artifices of violent politicians, of administrative frauds, and often, unfortunately, of the abuses of judges unworthy of their high mission.

CITIZENS, The economic life of the country, placed on a false basis by the government, is ruined.

Our agriculture brings no profit because the new organization, created by the necessity of agrarian reforms, is unsuitable and inefficient and also because agriculture is subject to the cruel persecution of high tariffs, which prevent the procuring of cheap agricultural tools and supplies, and of export taxes, which discourage intensive production.

Legitimate industry is closing its doors and the taxes collected from the agriculturists are being used for the maintenance of parasitic industries.

Honest business is going bankrupt in order to make way for the commerce of exploiters.

The financial policy adopted by the Liberal Government for the purpose of restoring the value of our currency, but maintained for the express purpose of protecting the interests of the banks of the members of the Liberal Party, has completely failed and the government has been obliged to resort to the plan of stabilizing the currency, without, however, accepting the logical consequences of the utter failure and abject abandonment of its economic program.

The policy of building up the country with indigenous capital, the so-called "by ourselves" policy, doomed from the very beginning by the lack of mobile Rumanian capital, which had been destroyed by the war, prevented the import of foreign capital, made necessary a disastrous moratorium on our obligations to foreign creditors, and gave us the bad reputation of haters of foreigners, through which our credit has been ruined and our economic recovery frustrated.

Under the mantle of economic nationalism the Liberal Party has proceeded systematically and persistently to lay its hands on all the sources of wealth in the country, such as coal, oil, natural gas, minerals, waterfalls, health resorts, woods, factories, pipe lines, fisheries, means of transport, trade in cereals, and the banks. Everything in the country of any value has passed under the control of trusts, either by the help of laws which serve as instruments of pillage or by the help of the whole administrative apparatus, as a result of which the enormous wealth of the country has been gathered in a few hands and transformed into a murderous parasitic enterprise, nourished by the misery of the masses.

CITIZENS, Although our state is theoretically decentralized the present administration is characterized by excessive centralization, which is the direct result of an absolutist system applied throughout the country.

The newly annexed provinces were accustomed to a regime of local autonomy, centuries old and deeply rooted in tradition, and were dominated by a powerful spirit of loyalty to laws, so they have been overwhelmed by this brutal centralization, which, applied by a corrupt administration, has provoked universal indignation against the Balkanic methods and oppressive spirit which the Liberal Party displays in its administration of affairs in general and especially in the newly annexed provinces.

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CITIZENS, Although the war caused a large number of unnecessary casualties, due to our lack of technical preparation, yet even now, ten years later, the condition of our army is still deplorable, in spite of the fact that it is our supreme defense in the face of dangers which are becoming more menacing every day.

The external situation of our country also reveals to us in a no less convincing manner the incapacity of the present regime. Eight years of an imperfect understanding of events, of the lack of foresight and of indecision, have brought Rumania into discredit and isolation.

Today Hungary, disarmed by the treaties, is able to arm and to agitate the question of treaty revision and of altering our frontier, without a word of protest or a single manly act in our behalf by our Government, so lacking is it in authority, dignity, and patriotism. Such a political regime, guilty of such serious iniquities, cannot continue a single day without endangering the very existence of our state and menacing the vital strength and resisting power of our people.

CITIZENS, In the political struggle which is developing today there stand face to face two forces: a despotic, predacious clique, on the one hand, and the Rumanian people in their entirety, on the other.

The National Peasant Party has shown in the elections, as well as in the large mass meetings that have recently been held in all parts of the country, that it represents the real will of the people and it takes upon itself the sacred mission of carrying to a successful conclusion the struggle for the emancipation of the people and the purification of the state.

CITIZENS, Inasmuch as our struggle is not an ordinary political combat but a real national crusade, you must all give it your aid and support for the sake of final victory.

Our national honor and the respect which we cherish for those who have gone before oblige us to work together for the immediate removal of the baneful liberal clique.

Contributors to This Issue

CALVIN B. HOOVER is professor of economics at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

JULIA N. BUDLONG, a resident of Portland, Oregon, recently wrote on the public utilities problem in that city for *The Nation*.

CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING is President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER is the author of "The Tree of Life," "Parables," "Branches of Adam," and other volumes of verse.

LAURA RIDING is an American poet.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

HAROLD KELLOCK is the author of "Houdini."

RICHARD MCKEON is in the department of philosophy at Columbia University.

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